



NEVER STEP ON A FEATHERED SERPENT.

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NO. 6
FEB.



ALL-STAR SQUADRON™

THE
PENALTY IS...
DEATH!



BUCKLER
& ORDWAY

THE DATE: WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1941.
THE PLACE: MEXICO'S YUCATAN PENINSULA
IN THE WORLD WE KNOW AS
EARTH-TWO.
THE CAST: NAZIS, NEO-MAYANS, AND
THE COLOR-SPLASHED HEROES
OF THE...

MAYHEM IN THE MILE-HIGH CITY!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

CALL ME THE
FEATHERED
SERPENT,
AMERICANOS--
OR KUKULKAN,
OR QUETZALCOATL!

WHEN I SACRIFICE
THIS WOMAN UPON
MY ALTAR, IN A FEW
SHORT MOMENTS
THE WHOLE OF
MEXICO SHALL
CALL ME--

THAT'S
SHIERA
SANDERS THAT
MADMAN'S
ABOUT TO
MURDER-THE
WOMAN I LOVE!

--MASTER!*

H-HAWKMAN--
IS THAT
YOU--?

UNBIND
US, VARLETS--
OR YOU SHALL
LIVE TO FACE
THE WRATH OF
THE SHINING
KNIGHT!

SILENCE,
AMERICANER--OR
GENERAL SALKEL
HAS COMMANDED
US TO SHOOT
YOU DOWN
WHERE YOU
STAND!

*BRINGING US UP
TO DATE FROM
LAST ISSUE.--Len.

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JOIN FORCES
TO WELCOME

ADRIAN GONZALES
NEW PENCILLER-IN-
RESIDENCE

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LISTEN TO ME, YOU WOULD-BE TYRANT--AND LISTEN GOOD!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE DELUDED YOURSELF INTO BELIEVING YOU'RE A MAYAN GOD--OR WHY YOU'RE IN LEAGUE WITH THESE NAZI SNAKES--

--BUT IF YOU HARM THAT GIRL, I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

SO SWEARS THE HAWKMAN!

JUST WOKE UP--SO I DON'T KNOW IF HAWK AND THAT MAN IN ARMOR WERE ALONE, OR JUST THE HARBINGERS OF A WHOLE JUSTICE SOCIETY ASSAULT--

BUT, IF I COULD ONLY GET TO MY TRUNK OVER THERE--WED AT LEAST MAKE A HECK OF A THREEOME!

YOU ARE BUT STALKING MASKED MAN OF THE NORTH...



YET, BECAUSE IT IS STILL A FEW SECONDS UNTIL THE STARS WILL BE RIGHT FOR THE HUMAN SACRIFICE WHICH WILL USHER IN MEXICO'S NEW ORDER...

... I SHALL INDULGE BOTH YOUR CURIOSITY, AND MY OWN TRIUMPHAL WHIMS.

I WAS BORN ON THIS PENINSULA, THOUGH EDUCATED IN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE, BETWEEN THE WARS.

I RETURNED HERE, MONTHS AGO, AS AN ARCHEOLOGIST--SEARCHING FOR THE FABLED LOST PYRAMID OF KUKULKAN, AS THE ONCE-MIGHTY MAYANS CALLED THEIR FEATHERED-SERPENT GOD.

THERE IT STANDS, MY COUNTRYMEN!

TO ME IT IS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE--

--BUT TO MY NATION'S EXPLOITERS AND ENEMIES, IT SHALL BECOME AN UNHOLY NIGHTMARE!

"OTHERS HAD SEARCHED FOR THIS PYRAMID FROM THE EMINENT J.L. STEPHENS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, TO MY OWN CONTEMPORARY, PROF. INDIANA JONES."

"THEY DID NOT FIND IT... BUT I DID!"

"MOREOVER, I KNEW PRECISELY
WHERE TO TOUCH THE PYRAMID
NEAR ITS APEX,...



"...TO GAIN ENTRANCE,



"I'M HERE,
AT LAST--
WHERE I ALWAYS
KNEW I'D BE,
ONE DAY--

"--IN THE HIDDEN
TEMPLE OF
KUKULKAN!



"CENTURIES AGO,
MY ANCESTORS
HAD FAITH THE
FEATHERED
SERPENT-GOD
WOULD RETURN
ONE DAY...
FROM ACROSS
THE SEA.

"SO HE HAD! BUT HE
WAS NO FOREIGNER.
NO SON OF LOOTING
CONQUISTADORES
-- BUT ONE OF THEIR
OWN PURE-BLOODED
DESCENDANTS --

"-- WHO NOW HAD
COME TO CLAIM
HIS HERITAGE!

"SWIFTLY, I DONNED THE
SACRED VESTMENTS, WHICH
HAD BEEN HIDDEN HERE BY
MOTEZUMA HIMSELF, WHEN
THE ACCURSED SPANIARDS
CAME WITH GUNS AND
ALIEN IDOLS.



"SCOFF IF YOU
DARE -- CALL ME
PUNK AND LIAR --
BUT IN THAT
MOMENT, I COULD
SUDDENLY READ
THE ANCIENT
PICTOGLYPHS OF
MY ANCESTORS --

"-- AS NO OTHER MAN
CAN DO, EVEN NOW.

"AND I COULD SPEAK IN TONGUES...
SO THAT THOSE WHOSE BLOODLINES
WERE PURE INDIAN COULD UNDERSTAND
ME, WHETHER THEIR ANCESTORS WERE
MAYAN OR TOLTEC OR AZTEC!



"IN THE OLDEN LANGUAGE,
I GAVE MY FIRST
COMMAND TO THOSE
WHO WERE DESTINED TO
SERVE ME!

THOSE OF
YOU WHOSE
ANCESTORS
KEPT THEIR
BLOODLINES
PURE--

-- I COMMAND
YOU TO SLAY
THOSE WHOSE
FOREBARS
DID NOT!



"EVEN AS I UTTERED THOSE WORDS, I WAS AWARE THAT I HAD NOT INTENDED TO SAY THEM, BEFORE I HAD DONNED THE GARB OF KUKULKAN.

"YET, THEY WERE NOT ONLY SPOKEN -- BUT, ON THE INSTANT, OBEYED--

"-- AS THE PURE-BLOODED AMONG MY BEARERS CUT TO RIBBONS THOSE OF THE EXPEDITION WHO HAD SPANISH BLOOD IN THEM!

"IN THAT MOMENT, I KNEW I HAD FOUND MY DESTINY-- AND MEXICO'S!

"THEN, THE PURE ONES FELL DOWN UPON THEIR KNEES AMID THE CARNAGE --AND WORSHIPPED ME LIKE A GOD.

"AND PERHAPS THAT IS JUST WHAT I HAD **BECOME!**"

BUT THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING, FOR--

CAN YOU NOT STAB THE WOMAN, KUKULKAN-- AND GET IT OVER WITH?

DO YOU THINK WE WISH TO STAND HERE **ALL NIGHT?**

WHAT? YOU DARE SPEAK THUS TO ME, SENOR GENERAL?

TAKE CARE --FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT **ANY** FOREIGNER MAY BE OUR SACRIFICE!

I WANT ONLY THAT YOU SLAY THIS WOMAN QUICKLY--SO THAT I CAN KILL THOSE TWO, WITH THE ARMORED ONE'S OWN SWORD!

--TURNING INSTEAD TO THE SCYON OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT:

PURE-BLOODED "ARYAN" AND PURE-BLOODED "MAYAN DEITY"-- AN ALLIANCE THAT CAN'T LAST LONG, SIR JUSTIN.

NO LONGER, I PRAY, THAN THESE FRAIL BONDS MAY LAST... RUBBED WITHOUT CEASING AGAINST MAINE INVINCIBLE ARMOR!

AS NAZI AND NEO-MAYAN ARGUE, HAWKMAN RESISTS THE URGE TO CRY OUT ENCOURAGEMENT TO SHIERA SANDERS-- WHOM HE'S COME SO FAR TO FIND--

A YE, HAWKMAN...

YET, THE TIME GROWS
INCREASINGLY SHORT,
AS --

ONLY MOMENTS
REMAIN UNTIL AN
OUTSIDER MUST
BE SACRIFICED--
IN ACCORDANCE
WITH ANCIENT
PROPHECIES
AND SPELLS
WHICH I HAVE
UNCOVERED!

WHEN THAT IS
DONE, HERE--IN
THE SHADOW OF
THE LOST PYRAMID--
AT PRECISELY THE
SAME INSTANT--

--ALL IN
MEXICO WHO ARE
OF PURE INDIAN
BLOOD WILL SUDDENLY
ARISE, TO DO BATTLE
WITH THE MESTIZOS*
WHO HAVE LONG
RULED THE LAND!

*MEXICANS OF MIXED BLOOD,
MOSTLY SPANISH AND INDIAN -- *Let.*

MAYA--OLMEC--
AZTEC--TOLTEC--
DESCENDANTS OF ALL
THE GREAT INDIAN
RACES WILL CONQUER,
AND YET BE SUBJECT
TO MY WILL ALONE--

--AND THE
KINGDOM
OF THE
FEATHERED
SERPENT
SHALL BE
SUPREME,
FROM THE RIO
GRANDE TO
THE JUNGLES
OF CENTRAL
AMERICA!

WITH THIS
HAND,
NOW PLUNGE
THE SACRED
SACRIFICIAL DAGGER
INTO THE FEMALE
INTERLOPER WHO--

IF YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT ME,
SCALY-
BIRD--

--I KNOW I SHOULD
BE HONORED--

--BUT IF IT'S ALL
THE SAME TO YOU,
I'D RATHER READ ALL
ABOUT IT IN NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC!

THWAK!

OH? DOES THAT
GO FOR OUR
PUNY EFFORTS,
TOO?

FOOLISH
WOMAN!
SUCH A PUNY
EFFORT WILL
AVAIL YOU
NOTHING!

YOU
TWO--
FREE!?

IN
EVERY
SENSE OF
THE WORD,
BUDDY!

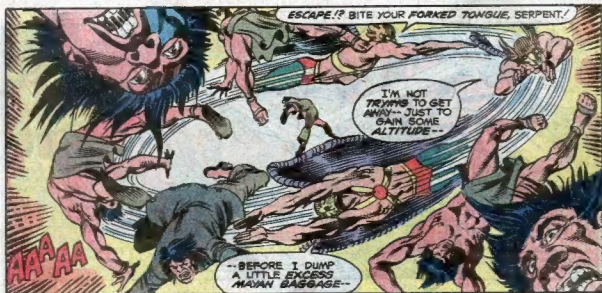
--WE INTEND TO STAY
THAT WAY!

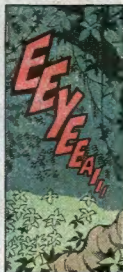
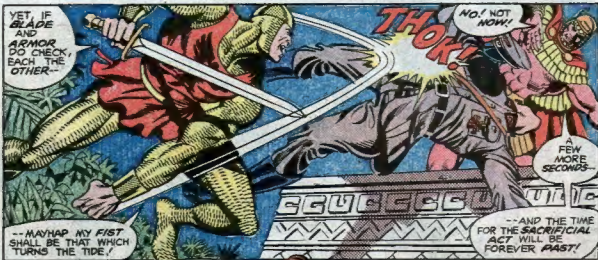
AND, AS THE SHINING
KNIGHT WOULD
CONCUR, IF HE
WEREN'T BUSY
FREED THE
LADY--

HANG ON
TO HIM, MY
BROTHERS!

THE HAWK-
HEADED
ONE MUST
NOT
ESCAPE!

WOW!





THEN I'VE GOT TO FIND
SHIERA! SHE'S CRAWLED
OFF SOMEWHERE.

HOPE SHE'S ALL RIGHT!
POOR KID! SHE MUST BE
FRIGHTENED OUT OF HER--

THUK

HUH?
THAT
SHADOW
OVERHEAD--!?

IT'S NOT AS
OMINOUS AS
THE ONE
BEHIND
YOU!

DID IT EVER
OCCUR TO
YOU, LOVER--

SHIE--UH,
I MEAN--

HAWKGIRL!

SOK!

YOU WERE
EXPECTING
MAYBE
AMELIA
EARNHART?

NO, BUT I
DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D GET A
CHANCE TO
CHANGE YOUR--

NEVER MIND!
LET'S JUST SAY
I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU--AND LET IT
GO AT THAT.

FOR NOW!

--THAT THESE
FULL-FACE MASKS
OF OURS DON'T
EXACTLY DO
WONDERS FOR
OUR PERIPHERAL
VISION?

SLAM!

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE COLORFULLY-CLAD TRIO
HAVE DISPOSED OF THE FANATICAL NEO-MAYANS
--AT LEAST, THOSE WHO'VE NOT FLED BACK TO
THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE RAIN FOREST...

YET, EVEN IN THEIR MOMENT OF APPARENT TRIUMPH--

HAWKMAN!
LOOK YOU!
THE FEATHERED
ONE DOTH
FLEE!

AND MORE--
OF A SUDDEN,
HE DOES FLY
LIKE UNTO A
BIRD!

BY WINNING
HERE, AMERICANOS,
YOU HAVE WON
NOTHING!

THE FINAL BATTLEGROUND SHALL
BE THE CITY OF MEXICO--
AND THERE THE VICTORY, LIKE
THE NATION, SHALL BE MINE!

STOP
HIM,
SOMEBODY!

THE MAYAN MAGICKS STILL
ARE STRONG--IF THE SACRIFICE
OF THE NAZI GENERAL HAS GIVEN
HIM THE POWER OF FLIGHT.

WE'VE GOT TO ASSUME THE
REST OF WHAT HE SAID IS
TRUE, AS WELL.

NO TIME EVEN
TO PICK UP
THE OTHER
ALL-STAR!

"ALL-STAR" P? WHAT'S
THAT, HAWK? AND WHEN ARE
YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE
ME TO SIR GALAHAD THERE?

I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF BOTH
MATTERS--
ON THE
WAY TO
MEXICO
CITY.

DO THAT WILL YOU,
DARLING? I'VE BEEN
A BIT OUT OF TOUCH
THE PAST COUPLE OF
WEEKS.

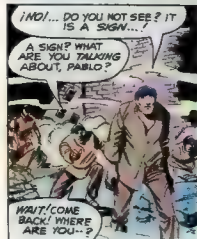
I REMEMBER THE
GENERAL SAYING
SOMETHING ABOUT
PEARL HARBOR--?

WHILE CARTER HALL
BRINGS HIS SIMILARLY-
COSTUMED FIANCEE UP
TO DATE ON RECENT
TRAGIC EVENTS, LET
US SKIP AHEAD TO
THEIR DESTINATION:

MEXICO CITY--
SOME 8000 FEET
ABOVE SEA LEVEL
--BUSTLING CAPITAL
OF A NATION STILL
UNDECIDED ABOUT
ITS STANCE IN THIS
SUDDENLY WORLD-
WIDE WAR.

THOUGH THE JAPANESE,
AND ESPECIALLY THE
GERMANS AND ITALIANS,
MAINTAIN AN ACTIVE
CIVILIAN PRESENCE HERE,
MOST MEXICANS EXPECT
THEIR COUNTRY MERELY
TO EXPERIENCE AN OIL
AND RESOURCES BOOM
DURING THE WAR-WRACKED
YEARS TO COME.

YET, IF THEY
IMAGINE THEY CAN
REMAIN OUTSIDE
THE SPHERE OF
BRIMSTONE AND
BATTLE--



WITHIN MINUTES, THE CENTER OF THE CITY IS ALIVE WITH THOSE OF PURE INDIAN DESCENT--WALKING AMID THE STRAGGLED CORPSES OF MANY WHO WERE NOT

IT IS A SIGHT HORRIBLY COMMON IN THE EUROPE OF RECENT YEARS... BUT FRIGHTENING NEW TO THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

PERHAPS THE TOWERING EDIFICE GLEAMING BENEATH THE MOON IS IN TRUTH AN AZTEC PYRAMID... OR PERHAPS IT IS CLOSER TO THOSE OF THE MAYAS, OR SOME OTHER NEARLY-FORGOTTEN ELDER PEOPLE WHO WERE SWEEPED UNDER THE RUG OF HISTORY BY THE COMING OF THE CONQUISTADORES

NO MATTER! FROM BLOCKS, MAYS, MILES AWAY, THEY HEAR ITS SILENT SIREN CALL.

AND, SHUFFLING LIKE DEADLY ZOMBIES, THEIR EYES GLAZED THEY COME

¿QUE? THESE MEN--THESE WOMAN--WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM, CARLOS!

CAPTAIN RODRIGUEZ'S INDIAN BORN SECOND-IN-COMMAND DOES NOT ANSWER

IF ANY IN MEXICO CITY DO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON, IT IS DOUBTLESS THE FURTIVE, LIGHT SKINNED HANDFUL WHO, EVEN NOW, ARE QUIETLY CARRYING THEIR MYSTERIOUS BURDENS AROUND ONE SIDE OF THE PYRAMID.

... AS ...

¡ALTO!
STOP, MY FRIENDS!
HAVE YOU LOST
YOUR SENSES?

THERE IS NOTHING
WAITING FOR YOU
ATOP THIS HORROR!
THERE IS NOT EVEN ROOM
FOR ALL OF YOU!

IF YOU
DO NOT STOP,
YOU SHALL
FORCE MY
MEN TO--

THOSE ARE THE LAST WORDS UTTERED BY CAPTAIN RODRIGUEZ... FOR NEXT INSTANT A SIGHT OF TIME GONE MAD ERUPTS ONTO THE PLAZA--

AS MEN IN THE DRESS OF THE OLD HIGH CIVILIZATIONS OF MEXICO, THEIR EYES GLAZED, OPEN FIRE ON ALL WHO OPPOSE THE MARCHING THOUSANDS

AND THE EERILY MODERN WEAPONS THEY USE ARE PRECISELY THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF THE STRANGE PACKAGES CARRIED BY THE EUROPEAN MOMENTS BEFORE

THE INDIANS WILL DO OUR WORK FOR US, EH, MERR BLUME?

JA, ERIC!
AND THEN WE
WILL--WAS?

WHAT SOUND
IS THAT -- OF
FIGHTING,
JUST BEYOND
THE SQUARE??

IF THE STARTLED GERMAN DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THE SOUND, THEN THE SIGHT, OF THE FOUR MARKED STALWARTS SUDDENLY LOCKED IN BATTLE WITH HIS NEO-AETEC ZOMBIES..

KEEP BACK! I-I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU--!

--AT LEAST WE DO.

I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA HAVE MUCH CHOICE, FIREBRAND.

CHECK! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM FROM KILLING STILL MORE OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN!

MAYBE WHAT'S NEEDED HERE, GUYS--

--IS AN INSTANT WALL--

--COURTESY OF JOHNNY QUICK!

CRATTA
CRATT

THERE! LUCKILY, THEY ONLY HAVE A FEW CHATTER-GUNS!

GEE, DOC, I WISH I HAD SPECIAL POWERS LIKE THAT!

--EVEN WITH THE HELP OF A BLACKOUT BOMB!

POW!

THEY ALSO SERVE, ATOM, WHO ONLY STAND AND SLUG IT OUT--

THIS WAY, I CAN KAYO THESE POOR GUYS-- WITHOUT ANYBODY STOPPING A MACHETE OR A BULLET!

AFTER ALL DOCTOR MID-AETEC WOULD RATHER SAVE LIVES THAN TAKE THEM.

SORRY!

DOWNWETTER! BUT--THE RADIO SAID THAT THE AMERIKANER JUSTICE SOCIETY HAD DISBANDED!

AND SO I DID, LAST ISSUE-- BUT THIS, OF COURSE, IS PART OF THE SPANKING-NEW ALL-STAR SQUADRON. -- L.

WHATEVER HAPPENED, HERR BLUME -- THEY MAY TURN THE TIDE!

THEN, WE MUST HURRY BACK TO OUR EMBASSY.

WE DARE NOT RISK INTERMENT--IF OUR MESMERIZED PAWNS FAIL!

AS THE CONSPIRATORS FLEE...

IT'S AMAZING, FIREBRAND! EVERYTHING WE WROTE OUT OF THAT NAZI HAUPTMANN* TURNED OUT TO BE TRUE.

EVERY PURE-BLOODED INDIAN IN MEXICO SEEMS TO BE IN A TRANCE--YET ACTS LIKE AN AZTEC OR A MAYAN, EVEN WHEN BLASTING AWAY WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN!

OTHERS--LIKE THIS GUY--SEEM TO WANT TO DO SOMETHING, BUT CAN'T EVEN MOVE.

*LAST ISSUE--AND THE GERMAN WORD MEANS CAPTAIN!--LEN.

REMEMBER WHAT OUR CAPTIVE TOLD US, ATOM? HOW THAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THOSE OF ALMOST PURE INDIAN DESCENT?

LUCKILY, THE MAJORITY OF THE TRUE INDIANS DON'T LIVE IN THE CITIES--SO IT'LL TAKE THEM LONGER TO DO MUCH DAMAGE.

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THE LINE HERE--TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT HAWKMAN AND THE SHINING KNIGHT HAVE UNCOVERED, RIGHT?

YOU'RE CATCHING ON FAST TO THIS HERO BIZ, BRANDY!

GOOD THING THESE SLEEPWALKERS ARE NO MATCH FOR OUR TRAINING, LET ALONE OUR SPECIAL POWERS--

--UH, THOSE OF US LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE SPECIAL POWERS, I MEAN!

DON'T RUB IT IN, QUICK! MY KNUCKLES ARE ALREADY GETTING SORE--

--AND HERE COMES A NEW BATCH, THAT MUST HAVE JUST FALLEN UNDER THE FEATHERED SERPENT'S SPELL!

NOT FAR AWAY:

ONE OF THE EARLIEST LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS TO BREAK AWAY FROM MOTHER SPAIN IN THE 15TH CENTURY, MEXICO HAS HER OWN PROUD HERITAGE...HER NATIONAL PALACE, WHERE DWELLS THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC...

...EVEN HER OWN LIBERTY BELL, FIRST RUNG IN 1810 TO ANNOUNCE HER INDEPENDENCE.

IT DOES NOT RING THIS FINE MORNING, HOWEVER...

AND PRESIDENT MANUEL AVILA CAMACHO, HEARING THE SOUNDS OF CARNAGE WITHOUT, FEARS IT MAY NEVER RING AGAIN!

THIS IS--
A DAY OF
CATASTROPHE
FOR MEXICO,
MÉS AMIGOS.

THE PEOPLE--MY
POOR PEOPLE--
ARE OBVIOUSLY
UNDER THE
DEVILISH
INFLUENCE
OF THIS SO-
CALLED
"FEATHERED
SERPENT."

IF HE
MANAGES
TO STORM
THE PALACE,
HE MAY WELL
PLUNGE MEXICO
INTO A PRO-
LONGED CIVIL
WAR--

--FROM WHICH ONLY THE AXIS
POWERS WILL BENEFIT!

IF THE FEATHERED
SERPENT STRIKES,
SENOR
PRESIDENTE?

ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T
MEAN--"WHEN"?

«FORWARD,
MY VENGEFUL
FOLLOWERS,
FORWARD!»

«WHEN WE HAVE
SLAIN THE PRESIDENT,
ALL MEXICO WILL
BOW TO MY UNIVERSAL
CULT!»

¡MIO
DIOS!

«I--I
SHOULD
FIRE ON
THEM, I
KNOW--»

«BUT, MAY GOD HAVE MERCY
--I KNOW SOME OF THOSE MEN
WHO NOW RUSH MADLY TOWARD US!»

«THEY ARE
NOT TRAITORS!
THEY--»

«UNNNH!»

«NO, FOOLS! RATHER, IT IS
YOU WHO WERE THE TRAITORS--»

GUODAI
GUODAI

«--THE BETRAYERS
OF OUR PROUD
AND ANCIENT
BIRTHRIGHT!»

THUS, AS FROM TIME
IMMEMORIAL, BROTHER
FIGHTS AND SLAYS
BROTHER--

--AND, AS EVER,
SOMEONE REAPS
THE BENEFITS OF
THE SLAUGHTER:

«ENTER, MY FAITHFUL
ONES--THE WAY MY
STRENGTH HAS
OPENED TO YOU!»

«WE WILL
FIND THE PRESIDENT
FOR YOU,
O HOLY
ONE--»

«--AND
WE WILL
KILL
HIM!»

IN MOMENTS, THE MESMERIZED INDIANS HAVE MADE GOOD THE FIRST OF THEIR DARE BOASTS...

¿QUE EL DIABLO--?

¡SEÑOR PRESIDENTE--I, THE FEATHERED SERPENT, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM THAT YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF MEXICO!~

¡MY ANSWER TO YOU, SENOR, IS THE SAME AS IT WOULD BE TO YOUR FUHRER--OR TO SENOR ROOSEVELT, IF HE VOICED THE SAME COMMAND.~

¡IN A WORD... NEVER!!

¡YOU ARE TO BE EXECUTED WITHOUT TRIAL OR DELAY--UNLESS YOU ABDICATE YOUR OFFICE AT ONCE, IN FAVOR OF MYSELF AND MY HOLY CULT!~

¡SHOOT ME THEN, IF IT WILL GIVE YOU SOME FIENDISH PLEASURE!~

¡THAT IT WILL, DOS--FOR BLOOD IS THE LIFE OF BOTH AZTEC AND MAYAN!~

¡YOU WOULD HAVE DIED IN ANY EVENT, ONCE YOU HAD SIGNED THE ABDICATION DECREE.~

BRACKKA BRACKKA

¡FIRE ON THE FOOL--AND ON HIS TWO LACKEYS!~

¡LACKEYS? BITE YOUR TONGUE FEATHERS!~

MAY AS WELL GET RID OF THIS PLASTIC MASK IN MY NEW HUMAN IDENTITY.

MY BORROWED UNIFORM'S NOTHING BUT PATTERS NOW, ANYWAY.

READY, BELLE?

READY, ROBOTMAN! I'M NOT BULLETPROOF LIKE YOU, SO I COULDN'T SHIELD THE PRESIDENT FROM THOSE BULLETS...

... BUT I STILL LIKE TO THINK THAT ONE "LIBERTY BELLE"

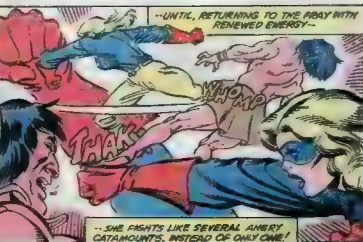
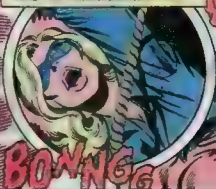
-- DESERVES ANOTHER!

BONN

--THUS, MEXICO'S PROUD BELL OF FREEDOM RINGS OUT AGAIN, AS IT HAS DONE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE--

AND, WITH EACH RESOUNDING PEAL, LIBBY LAWRENCE FEELS THE POWERFUL ADRENAL SURGE RUSHING THROUGH HER LITHE FORM, AS IF IT WERE THE PHILADELPHIA BELL--

--UNTIL, RETURNING TO THE FIGHT WITH RENEWED ENERGY--



--SHE FIGHTS LIKE SEVERAL AMERY CATAMOUNTS, INSTEAD OF ONLY ONE!

MEANWHILE, ROBOTMAN HAS BEEN FELLEED BY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF THE LIVING MASS WHICH HAS HURLED ITSELF AGAINST HIM--

--AND AGAINST WHICH, KNOWING THEIR CONTROLLED STATE, HE HAS BEEN LOATH TO LASH OUT

BUT NOW--

MORE AT STAKE HERE-- THAN ONLY THESE MEN'S LIVES-- OR EVEN MY OWN!

BESIDES, SOONER OR LATER, THEY'D HAVE DAMAGED MY HUMAN BRAIN INSIDE THIS METAL SHELL I BUILT TO HOUSE IT--

--AND, ON THE DAY THAT HAPPENS, MY NEW ALTER EGO OF PAUL DENNIS--

-- WILL BE AS STONE COLD DEAD AS MY OLD ONE OF DR. ROBERT CRANE!

HOLD IT! OVER THERE-- EL PRESIDENTE--!

{YOU'LL NOT LONG ESCAPE ME, ANILA CAMACHO, BY HIDING BEHIND THAT DESK!}

{YOU MUST DIE-- THAT MY CULT MAY RULE!}

SMASH!

{THEN I'LL DIE -- BUT I'LL NOT SURRENDER!}

{YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, SENOR PRESIDENTE-- BUT WITH A LITTLE LUCK, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO EITHER}

{WHAT? A MERE WOMAN DARES HURL HERSELF AGAINST ME!?!}

{BUT WHAT A WOMAN!}



«THANKS FOR THE COMPL--»

HEY!

FOOLHARDY FEMALE--



--TO OPPOSE THE INEXORABLE MARCH OF THE NEW ORDER!

UNNN!



FOR THAT, I SHALL STRANGLE YOU GLADLY, WITH MY BARE--

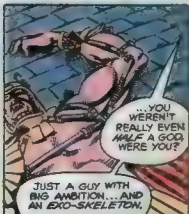


¡MADRE DE DIOS!

STRANGE OUTCRY FOR A CULTISH DEMI-GOD TO MAKE...

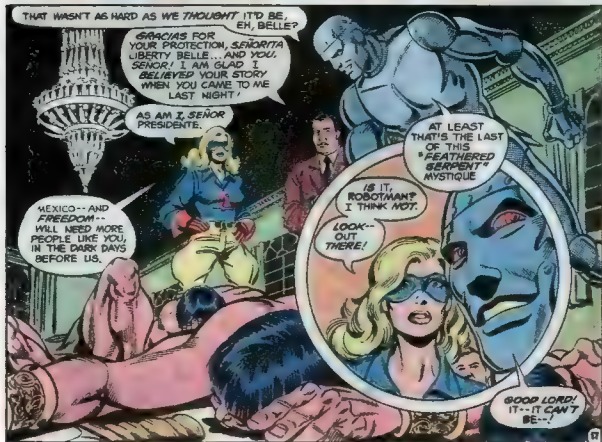


BUT THEN...



...YOU WEREN'T REALLY EVEN HALF A GOD, WERE YOU?

JUST A GUY WITH BIG AMBITION...AND AN EXO-SKELETON.



THAT WASN'T AS HARD AS WE THOUGHT IT'D BE, EH, BELLE?

GRACIAS FOR YOUR PROTECTION, SEÑORITA LIBERTY BELLE...AND YOU, SENOR! I AM GLAD I BELIEVED YOUR STORY WHEN YOU CAME TO ME LAST NIGHT!

AS AM I, SENOR PRESIDENTE.

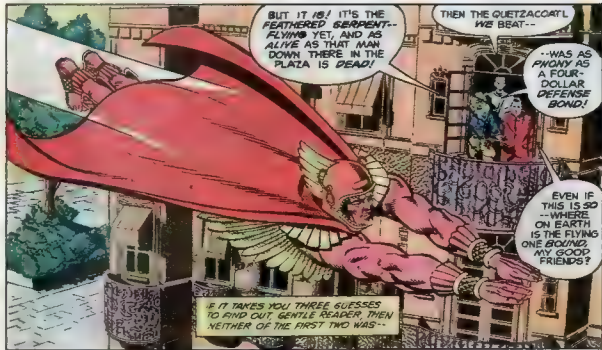
MEXICO--AND FREEDOM-- WILL NEED MORE PEOPLE LIKE YOU, IN THE DARK DAYS BEFORE US.

AT LEAST THAT'S THE LAST OF THIS "FEATHERED SERPENT" MYSTIQUE

IS IT, ROBOT/MAN? I THINK NOT.

LOOK-- OUT THERE!

GOOD LORD! IT--IT CAN'T BE--!



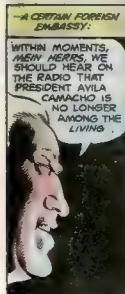
BUT IT IS! IT'S THE
FEATHERED SERPENT--
FLYING YET, AND AS
ALIVE AS THAT MAN
DOWN THERE IN THE
PLAZA IS DEAD!

THEN THE QUETZACOATL
WE BEAT--

--WAS AS
PHONY AS A
FOUR-DOLLAR
DEFENSE
BOND!

EVEN IF
THIS IS SO
--WHERE
ON EARTH
IS THE FLYING
ONE BOUND,
MY GOOD
FRIENDS?

IF IT TAKES YOU THREE GUESSES
TO FIND OUT, GENTLE READER, THEN
NEITHER OF THE FIRST TWO WAS--



--A CERTAIN FOREIGN
EMBASSY:

WITHIN MOMENTS,
MEIN HERRS, WE
SHOULD HEAR ON
THE RADIO THAT
PRESIDENT AVILA
CAMACHO IS
NO LONGER
AMONG THE
LIVING.



... AND THAT
MEXICO, UNDER
ITS NEW PAGAN
OVERLORD...

... IS NOW
AND FOREVER
ALIGNED WITH
THE AXIS
POWERS!

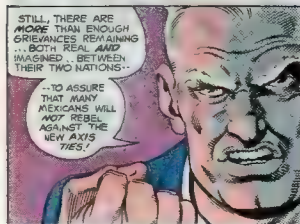


BUT, IF THE
MESTIZOS--
THOSE NOT
OF PURE
BLOOD--DO
NOT SUPPORT
OUR CAREFULLY-
PLANNED
"REVOLUTION"--

THEY WILL,
DUMMKOPF--
EVEN IF IT TAKES
THE PERSONAL ATTEN-
TIONS OF DR. GOEBBELS
HIMSELF!

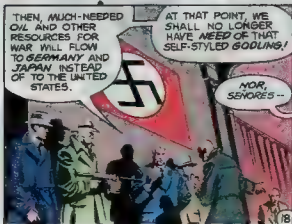
PERHAPS, HERR
AMBASSADOR...
YET, RELATIONS
BETWEEN
MEXICO AND
THE UNITED
STATES HAVE
IMPROVED IN
THE PAST
YEAR...!

TRUE, THEIR DIPLOMATS
HAVE SETTLED MANY
OF THE GRIEVANCES
WHICH AROSE WHEN PRESI-
DENT CARDENAS NATIONALIZED
THE OIL INDUSTRY NEARLY
FOUR YEARS AGO...



STILL, THERE ARE
MORE THAN ENOUGH
GRIEVANCES REMAINING
... BOTH REAL AND
IMAGINED... BETWEEN
THEIR TWO NATIONS--

--TO ASSURE
THAT MANY
MEXICANS WILL
NOT REBEL
AGAINST THE
NEW AXIS
TIES!



THEN, MUCH-NEEDED
OIL AND OTHER
RESOURCES FOR
WAR WILL FLOW
TO GERMANY AND
JAPAN INSTEAD
OF TO THE UNITED
STATES.

AT THAT POINT, WE
SHALL NO LONGER
HAVE NEED OF THAT
SELF-STYLED GODLING!

NOR,
SEÑORES--



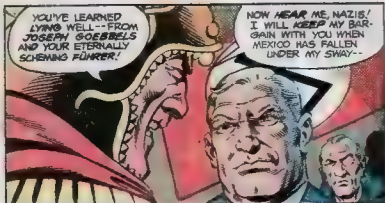
--SHALL WE HAVE
OVERMUCH NEED
OF YOU!

DO NOT LOOK SO
ASTONISHED, AMBOS!
S! IT IS THE TRUE
FEATHERED SERPENT--
NOT THE FOOL YOU
STUPIDLY DRESSED UP
TO TAKE MY PLACE--

--AND WHO
NOW LIES
LIFELESS,
BEFORE THE
NATIONAL
PALACE!

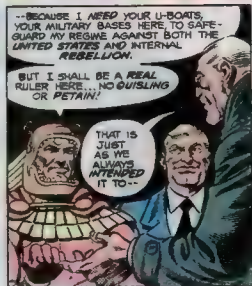
H-HE
DOES? I
MEAN--THAT
WAS ONLY A
PRECAUTION, HOLY
ONE--IN CASE YOU
DID NOT ARRIVE IN
TIME TO LEAD THE
REVOLT YOU TOLD
US WOULD BEGIN
THIS DAY!

WE ALWAYS
KNEW IT WAS
YOU, WHO FOUND
THE SACRED ARMOR
OF QUETZALCOATL,
WHO WOULD BE THE
TRUE POWER HERE
IN MEXICO.



YOU'VE LEARNED
LYING WELL--FROM
JOSEPH GOEBBELS
AND YOUR ETERNALLY
SCHEMING FÜHRER!

NOW HEAR ME, NAZIS!
I WILL KEEP MY BAR-
GAIN WITH YOU WHEN
MEXICO HAS FALLEN
UNDER MY SWAY--



--BECAUSE I NEED YOUR U-BOATS,
YOUR MILITARY BASES HERE, TO SAFE-
GUARD MY REGIME AGAINST BOTH THE
UNITED STATES AND INTERNAL
REBELLION.

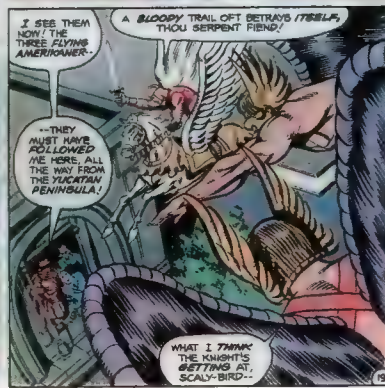
BUT I SHALL BE A REAL
RULER HERE... NO GUISING
OR PETAIN!

THAT IS
JUST AS WE
ALWAYS
INTENDED
IT TO--



GOTT IM
HIMMEL!

WHAT IS
IT, HERR
AMBASSADOR?

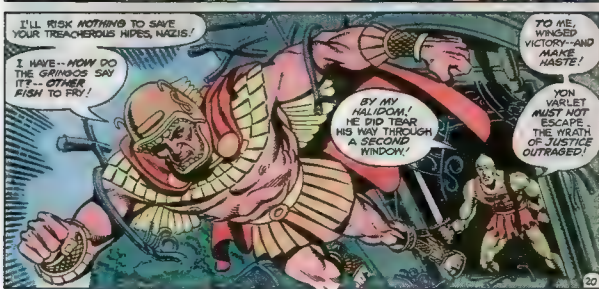


I SEE THEM
NOW! THE
THREE FLYING
AMERICANER--

A BLOODY TRAIL OF BETRAYS ITSELF,
THOU SERPENT FIEND!

--THEY
MUST HAVE
FOLLOWED
ME HERE, ALL
THE WAY FROM
THE YUCATAN
PENINSULA!

WHAT I THINK
THE KNIGHT'S
GETTING AT,
SCALY-BIRD--



BUT ALAS, HE DOES, IF ONLY FOR THE MOMENT--AS HE SWOOPS AT HIGH SPEED TOWARD THE SKY-THRUSTING PYRAMID IN THE CENTER OF THE MILE-HIGH-CITY--

--WHERE, DESPITE HEROIC EFFORTS, FOUR AMERICAN HEROES ARE BEING SLOWLY OVERWHELMED BY VASTLY SUPERIOR NUMBERS.



ONLY ONE OF THOSE FOUR COULD HOPE TO RACE FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE HIS FATE--

--AND HE ISN'T ABOUT TO!



KEEP IT UP, ALL-STARS!

AT LEAST WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHT--UNNNH!



YOU'LL GO DOWN, DOG--THAT IS ENOUGH!

WHAT'S WRONG, JOHNNY?
I--
HUH?



WHERE IN BLAZES DID YOU COME FROM??

IT IS NOT WHERE I CAME FROM THAT MATTERS, WOMAN--

--BUT WHERE WE TWO ARE GOING--HIGH INTO THE AIR!



YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY IN LEAGUE WITH THOSE MASKED GRINGOS WHO OPPOSE ME!

YOU WON'T SCARE THEM OFF, FELLA, BY USING ME AS A HOSTAGE!

NO? IF THAT IS SO, YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW IT--WHEN I HURL YOU SCREAMING TO YOUR DEATH!

BELOW, CLUTCHING
HANDS ARE LAID
ON JOHNNY QUICK.

TOO
GROGGY--
TO RUN FOR
IT! LOOKS
LIKE THE
END--!

YOU SEE, SEÑORITA?
NONE OF YOUR FRIENDS
DARES APPROACH ME
NOW.

YOU'RE A
COWARD--
JUST LIKE
THE RATS WHO
SNEAK-BOMBED
PEARL
HARBOR!

MY
BROTHER'S
GOT A
BULLET LODGED
IN HIS SPINE
FROM THAT
LITTLE
ATTACK--

--AND
I DON'T
INTEND TO
RISK LESS
THAN HE DID--

--NO MATTER
WHAT IT COSTS
ME!!

WITH AN ANGRY
SURGE OF WILL,
DANETTE REILLY
SUDDENLY
EMITS A
SCORCHING AURA
OF FLAME--

HAWK! HE'S GOT THAT WOMAN! CAN'T WE STOP HIM?

NOT
WITHOUT
CAUSING
HER DEATH,
SURELY!

DON'T BE
TOO SURE!

FROM WHAT I'VE
SEEN OF FIREBRAND
SO FAR, SHE'S PRETTY
RESOURCEFUL.

AND--

NO! MY SACRED
ARMOR-- MY
WINGS-- THEY
ARE--

THROUGH,
SERPENT--
JUST LIKE
YOU!

AND
PROBABLY
ME, AS
WELL!

THEY'LL HAVE
TO SCRAPE
ME UP LIKE
A SCRAMBLED
EGG
AFTER I--

HUH??

WHO--?

DO YOU ALWAYS FORGET YOUR
FRIENDS SO QUICKLY?

SIR
JUSTIN!
I- I'M SO
HAPPY I
COULD
KISS YOU!

A
SCARF
OF YOURS,
TO SERVE
AS A
TOKEN IN
MY FUTURE
BATTLES,
WILL BE
SUFFICIENT,
MILADY!

AND, AS FOR THE NO-LONGER-FEATHERED SERPENT...

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HAWK, WE COULD'VE LET THIS WINGLESS WONDER SPLATTER ALL OVER THE PAVEMENT.

IT'S FAR BETTER, HONEY, IF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE GET THE CHANCE TO JUDGE HIM, AND DISPOSE OF HIM THEMSELVES.

AND BY THE WAY, SPEAKING OF OF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE...

...IT LOOKS AS IF MOST OF THOSE WHO WERE UNDER THE SERPENT'S SPELL HAVE COME BACK TO THEIR SENSES... JUST IN TIME!

¡CARAMBA! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WH-WHY WAS I FIGHTING YOU, AMERICANOS??

WE'RE JUST GLAD YOU STOPPED WHEN YOU DID, AMIGO!

LOOKS AS IF WHATEVER MYSTIC POWER THIS GORILLA GAINED FROM HIS SO-CALLED MAGICAL OUTFIT--

--IT VANISHED WHEN THAT FIREBRAND GAL BURNED MOST OF IT OFF!

NOW, LET'S TAKE OFF HIS HELMET, AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT JUST WHO WE'VE--

SO IT SEEMS

GREAT SCOTT! THAT CLOSE-CROPPED BLOND HAIR--AND EVEN HIS DARK MAKEUP'S RUNNING LIKE A RIVER!

THE FEATHERED SERPENT WAS REALLY-- A GERMAN?

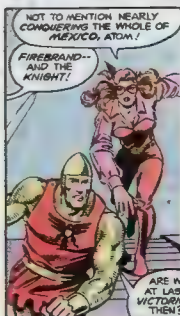
JA, HAWKMAN! I FOOLED YOU--FOOLED THEM, TOO!

WHY SHOULD I HAVE SERVED HITLER--OR ANY OF THEM--WHEN I ALONE HAD LEARNED THE SECRET OF KUKULKAN?

IF NOT FOR YOU, I COULD HAVE BEEN A KING--ALMOST A GOD, INSTEAD OF--

INSTEAD OF A STARK LUNATIC, WHICH IS WHAT HE OBVIOUSLY IS!

YEAH, DOC--BUT HE CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF GETTING US ALL KILLED!



NOT TO MENTION NEARLY CONQUERING THE WHOLE OF MEXICO, ATOM!

FIREBRAND--
AND THE KNIGHT!

ARE WE
AT LAST
VICTORIOUS,
THEN?



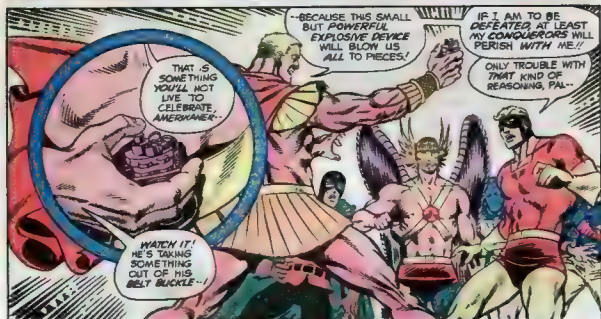
LOOKS LIKE IT--
EVEN IF IT TOOK
THE NINE OF US,
ALL TOLD, TO
DO IT!

AS FOR THE
AMAZIS, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT WE
CAN DO
ABOUT--

OH, DIDN'T YOU
HEAR, HAWKMAN?

NAZI GERMANY
AND FASCIST
ITALY DECLARED
WAR ON THE
U.S. THIS
MORNING--

--AND RIGHT
ABOUT NOW, OUR
CONGRESS SHOULD BE
RETURNING THE FAVOR!



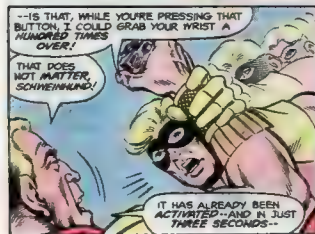
THAT IS
SOMETHING
YOU'LL NOT
LIVE TO
CELEBRATE,
AMERICAN--

WATCH IT!
HE'S TAKING
SOMETHING
OUT OF HIS
BELT BUCKLE--!

--BECAUSE THIS SMALL
BUT POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE DEVICE
WILL BLOW US
ALL TO PIECES!

IF I AM TO BE
DEFEATED, AT LEAST
MY CONQUERORS WILL
PERISH WITH ME!!

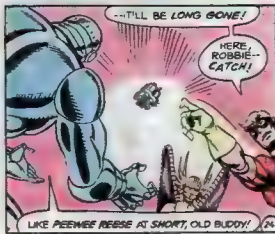
ONLY TROUBLE WITH
THAT KIND OF
REASONING, PAL--



--IS THAT, WHILE YOU'RE PRESSING THAT
BUTTON, I COULD GRAB YOUR WRIST A
HUNDRED TIMES
OVER!

THAT DOES
NOT MATTER,
SCHWEINHUND!

IT HAS ALREADY BEEN
ACTIVATED--AND IN JUST
THREE SECONDS--



--I'LL BE LONG GONE!

HERE,
ROBBIE--
CATCH!

LIKE PEEWEE REESE AT SHORT, OLD BUDDY! 26

IN THE THROWING
DEPARTMENT,
THOUGH, I'D
MAKE MORE
LIKE PIZZY
DEAN!

WHICH
HE
DOES...

...IN THE PROVERBIAL NICK OF TIME!

MAY THE
PLOTS AND
SCHEMES OF THE
AXIS POWERS
LIKEWISE SOON
GO UP IN
SMOKE!

BUH-ROOOM!

WELL, DOC...ATOM... I GUESS THAT MAKES A
NICE EXPLOSIVE FINISH TO OUR LAST BATTLE
AS CIVILIANS FOR THE DURATION!

BUT IT LOOKS AS IF THE
ALL-STAR SQUADRON'S
GOING TO GET ALONG
JUST FINE WITHOUT
US, EH?

YOU
KNOW
IT,
MID-NITE!

CARTER--GOING
INTO THE ARMY?
I--I GUESS HE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO TELL
ME BEFORE.

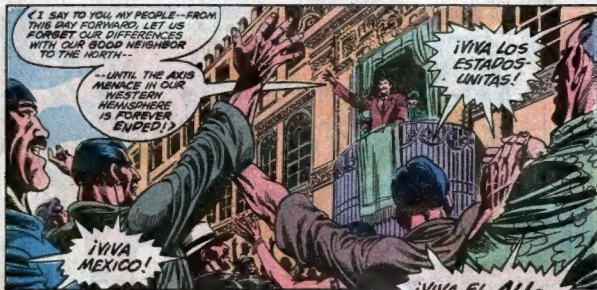
I GUESS I
SHOULD BE
GLAD THAT
MASKS
CAN HIDE
NOT ONLY
IDENTITIES--
--BUT TEARS,
AS WELL!

AS, ON A BALCONY
OF THE NATIONAL
PALACE, PRESIDENT
MANUEL AVILA
CAMACHO MAKES
AN APPEARANCE,
TO STILE NAZI-
SPREAD RUMORS
HE HAS BEEN
FATALLY WOUNDED...

«GIVE A PRAYER OF THANKS THIS DAY,
MY PEOPLE-- BOTH FOR ME, AND
FOR MEXICO!»

«TODAY, THE GERMAN
NATIONAL SOCIALISTS
WERE DEFEATED, IN A
PLOT TO SUBVERT OUR
CONSTITUTION, AND MAKE
THEMSELVES YOUR
MASTER--»

«-- BY THE MASKED
AMERICANOS WHO
CALL THEMSELVES...THE
ALL-STAR SQUADRON!»



Epilogue:

THAT VERY
NIGHT, OFF
MEXICO'S
ROCKY
COAST...



...FOR, EVEN
NOW, THE U-BOAT
SURFACES TO
RECEIVE US!

THOSE BUMBLING FOOLS IN
BERLIN / THEY SPURNED MY
ADVICE--AND NOW THEIR
PLANS FOR MEXICO LIE
IN RUINS!



WELL,
MEIN
LIEBER
ZWERG,
NOW IT
IS MY
TURN,
EH?

JA,
HERR
BARON...



BUT TONIGHT, I SHALL
CARRY THE WAR TO THE
UNITED STATES ITSELF--

AND, IF
ANY
VERDAMMT
MASKED
"HEROES"
RISE
AGAINST
ME--

--THEY SHALL BE
SMASHED BY THE
RIGHTEOUS MIGHT OF

**BARON
BUTZKRIEG!**

NEXT ISSUE:

**CARNAGE
FOR
CHRISTMAS!**

TILL THEN, REMEMBER
PEARL HARBOR--
THE MAINE-- THE
ALAMO--OR ANYTHING
ELSE THAT TURNS
YOU ON, OKAY?



ALL-STAR COMMENTS

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UH-OH DEPT.:

Some of you may have wondered why there was an arrow-shaped blurb on the cover to ALL-STAR SQUADRON #5 which simply said "Firebrand". Well, when it left our offices, it actually said a lot more (as you can see from the accompanying stat). Apparently, somewhere between Chemical Color (our peerless separators) and the public at large, the words "Introducing...the hottest new heroine of all" got misplaced. We're not sure who's responsible, but you can be assured that when we find out, they will be misplaced as well. Sorry for the foul-up—but the completists among you can cut out the repaired blurb from this page and paste it on the cover of All-Star #5 and pretend it never happened.

There. Who says Dynamic DC doesn't try to please everybody?—LW.



Good Evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and All the Ships at Sea:

There's good news tonight! The newly-formed ALL-STAR SQUADRON has proven to be a success on all fronts, fighting for Truth, Justice, the American Way, and Comics-Readers' Right To Get Their Money's Worth! This reporter was especially pleased with the Fact File on Per Degaton, one of the more obscure master villains of this area. Also worthy of praise was veteran Joe Kubert's contribution to the effort; few equal his ability to capture the spirit of this era, and it is to be hoped he will continue to cover the Squadron's adventures whenever possible. The glimpse shown of the legendary "Bomb-Defense Formula" case seemed to give proof to the claim that it was one of the Justice Society's finest hours; and I, for one, feel that the time has come for this story to be retold in its entirety, in a special all-new ALL-STAR DIGEST, which could also feature solo adventures of Plastic Man, Liberty Belle, and other non-JSA Squadron members.

Your War Correspondent,
Dave Elyea
413 Cleveland Av.
Cheboygan, MI 49721

Sounds good to us, Dave! Except for the upcoming JUSTICE SOCIETY DIGEST, there are no plans to reprint other old DC or Quality stories at this time, as was done throughout much of the 1970's. But if we figure out a way to package such a book one of these days—watch out!

—R.T.

Dear DC,

If anyone is capable of making the Justice Society (or ALL-STAR SQUADRON) a success, it's Roy Thomas. Through my years of reading comics I learned time and time again that nobody writes the adventures of super-hero teams better than Roy—not Stan Lee, not Gardner Fox, nobody. Rich Buckler, for his part, is vastly underrated and an incredibly versatile artist, and also has the experience of having worked on super-hero teams before with Roy. Although it hurts to think how much comics cost these days, this mag is well worth 60¢!

Now, just to make sure you guys don't get swelled heads, I did catch one error in the second issue that would probably seem trivial to most, but bothered me. I feel it my duty to inform you that the plane the All-Stars are flying in on pages 8-10, 22, and 23 is a B-29, which was not used until 1944 and did not exist in December 1941.

Andy Glaess
1711 E. 114th Pl.
Northglenn, Colo. 80233

We must admit, Andy, that we were aware of that fact when we published issue #2—but things were just too hectic for us to take the time to have Rich redraw the plane. However, rest assured that—from being unhappy about your pointing out the fact—we invite every reader of ALL-STAR SQUADRON to send us any such goof they spot...whether it be a plane flying several years before it was built, or a song played on the radio before its time. Sure, we have to allow ourselves a lot of leeway in order to stop the mag from becoming a history text—but that doesn't mean we're indifferent to our mistakes. Fact is, we're thinking of starting a special division on this letters page called "Anachronism of the Month," to deal with just such "time mistakes" as you point out. How else are we ever gonna get better, right?

Thanks, too, for your kind words on Roy and Rich—and we sincerely hope you like the work of neo-pencil Adrian Gonzales, who picked up the reins when Rich regrettably had to move on to other things.

—R.T.

Dear All-Star People,

DEPT. OF BEGGING: Please bring back Hourman as a regular cast member! Believe it or not, he's my favorite superhero. Granted, Hourman left the JSA in ALL-STAR COMICS #7, but according to Dr. Fate in #69, "We have fought together for more years than these children (Power Girl, etc.) have lived." That means Hourman must have worked with the JSA after ALL-STAR #7; it's just that Fox, Kanigher, and Broome never told us about it in the original 1940's magazine! All in all, though, you've got a hit in this book, and to paraphrase an old saying—MAKE MINE DC!

Don Sullivan
603 Lakespur Ln.
Alt. Spgs., FL 32701

Sounds familiar, Don. Part of an old 7-Up ad campaign, perhaps? As for Hourman—well, just stick around a while, and we don't think you'll be totally unpleasantly surprised. We, too, are aware of the fact that Hourman lasted in his own 1940's series a full year after he quit the JSA, and we've always figured there had to be a story there somewhere. We're just now figuring out what it is!

—R.T.

NOSTALGIC NOTE: We just realized that, when we listed the origins and/or first appearances of all the various heroes and heroines who appeared in the first few issues of ALL-STAR SQUADRON, we forgot to include Firebrand (Rod Reilly), because he didn't appear in costume...so, just for you completists out there: There was no origin story for Danette Reilly's non-super-powered brother, but his first appearance (like that of Plastic Man and Phantom Lady) was in POLICE COMICS #1, August 1941. Now are we friends again?

—R.T.

ANOTHER NOSTALGIC NOTE: We just wanted to make sure that no loyal fans of ALL-STAR SQUADRON and/or the original Justice Society of America accidentally miss out on our special JUSTICE SOCIETY issue of our THE BEST OF DC/BLUE RIBBON DIGEST series, now on sale! Editor Len Wein has packaged two JSA tales which form an integral part of the background of these first few issues of DC's newest hit—namely, "The Day That Dropped Out of Time" from ALL-STAR COMICS #36, 1947 (the deathless adventure which introduced the time-altering Per Degaton to a waiting world) and the exciting, all-important "Untold Origin of the Justice Society" from DC SPECIAL #29, back in '71! See? Who said you had to be fifty years old in order to understand what's going on in an issue of ALL-STAR SQUADRON? As somebody once said—we do it all for you!

—Roy Thomas